

Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.
IRONTON, MISSOURI.

OLD-FASHIONED ROSES.

[Rustic Dialect.]

THEY ain't no style about 'em
And they're sort o' pale and faded;
In the doorway here, without 'em
Would be lonesome and shaded
With a good 'ol blacker shadder
Than the mornin' glories makes,
And the sunshin' would look sadder
For their good 'ol-fashioned sakes.

I like 'em, 'cause they kind o'
Sort o' make a feller like 'em!
And I'll tell you where I find 'em
Bunch out where the sun kin strike 'em.
It ails sets me thinkin'
O' the ones as used to grow
And peek in thro' the chinks at noses
O' the cabin, don't you know?

And then I think o' mother,
And how she used to love 'em,
When they wasn't no other,
Less she found 'em up about 'em!
And her eyes, afore she shut 'em,
Whispered with a smile and said
We must pick a bunch and put 'em
In her hands when she wuz dead.

But as I wuz a sayin',
They ain't no style about 'em
Very gaudy or displayin'—
But I wouldn't be without 'em!
'Cause I'm happier in these posies
And the hollyhocks and such
Than the harem's 'ol-fashioned roses
In the roses of the rich!

—James W. Riley, in the N. Y. Sun.

THE PORTRAIT OF THE DEAD.

THE walls of the suite of rooms were hung with pictures of all sizes and subjects. The tables were covered with prints, statuettes, and gems, and curiosities of art. The guests of both sexes were numerous, representing art, literature, beauty and fashion.

"Hartley," exclaimed an elderly, grizzled artist, tapping a younger brother of the brush on the shoulder, "come and look at this portrait. As it is in your line I should like your opinion."

"Isn't it in my line too, Gray?" asked a youthful aspirant to Burlington fame.

"Yours, my dear Cott? Yours, I thought, was always below the line," laughed the elder, "and I fear, that it will always remain. Come, Hartley."

Linking his arm in that of the other, he drew him toward the wall.

Leonard Hartley, a tall, well-looking, gentlemanly man, the possessor of a much-envied superb red-brown beard, though only thirty, had already made a tolerable reputation as a portrait painter. Halting before the likeness—that of a dark, handsome lady of forty—he had been brought to criticize, he regarded it for some moments in silence.

"Well?" queried Gray.

"Well, I should say it's a good portrait, unmistakably resembling the original, be she whom she may; but I don't like it."

"Exactly. It wants firmness of touch—the flesh-tints need more transparency."

"It's not that. To me it seems one of F's best; but there is something about it that makes me shudder, as if it were uncanny."

"That's curious," remarked Gray.

"Very. No picture ever had such an effect on me before. It's fancy, I suppose. Who is the lady?"

"Who was she, rather?"

"Is she, then, no longer living?"

"Not six months ago F. painted this picture from a dead model."

"Good Heaven!" and Leonard Hartley's cheek absolutely turned pale as he retreated from the portrait. "That, then, accounts for my feeling."

"Why, what a sensitive fellow you are!" laughed his companion. "F. got two hundred dollars for doing it."

"Had they paid me five hundred I wouldn't have painted it!" was the response. "Come away; the likeness seems to cast a gloom over this corner of the room."

The above conversation had been partly overheard by a fine-looking old gentleman with silvery hair, and his daughter, a lovely, bright-eyed girl, of nineteen, who leaned on his arm. As the artists moved to another part of the room, the others approached the portrait, the old gentleman regarding it curiously, and the girl with awe.

"After death!" she murmured. "It is unpleasant; isn't it, papa? But I should never have detected it as did that gentleman. Who is he?"

"Leonard Hartley, my love, the well-known portrait painter."

"Really?" and the girl's violet eyes followed the artist with admiration.

"Papa, if I ever have my portrait painted, I should like Mr. Hartley to do it."

"Well, pet, so she shall. Nothing would give me greater pleasure, Mabel. I hate those cold brown photographs. I'll get to speak to him to-night."

"No, no, papa!" laughed the girl, her delicate complexion flushing as she tightened her hold on her companion's arm. "I was only jesting. You must, dear, be content with the photographs, for I could never undergo the ordeal of sitting for my portrait. If it's ever done, it must be while I am asleep."

By the way, she added, merrily, "some persons, they say, look best when they are asleep."

"If they don't open their mouths and snore, pet. Well, then, I am not to speak to Hartley?"

"No, please, papa; I could not think of such a thing. What is that picture yonder? Let us get closer."

A minute after they were engulfed in the crowd, becoming part of it.

Six weeks had elapsed since the above little episode at the conversation, when, one evening, returning from his club dinner to his studio, Leonard Hartley found a visitor awaiting him.

He was elderly, with long silvery hair, and in appearance and manner the perfect gentleman. He was seated in the midst of the studio's paraphernalia, on an old oak fifteenth century chair, with his face resting on his hands.

So noiselessly had the artist entered, or so profound were the visitor's meditations, that his arrival was not observed. Therefore after a few seconds' stare of wonderment, the artist coughed.

The visitor, starting, looked up; then, rising to his feet, with a courteous, apologetic bow, said, "Ten thousand pardons, Mr. Hartley. I—I fear I must have dozed. Your servant saying you would speedily return, he was kind enough to permit me to wait, my business being rather pressing."

"He did perfectly right, sir," said the artist.

"Excuse me; let me introduce myself," put in the visitor. "Your servant placed my card there."

Leonard Hartley, taking it up, read—"Mr. John Kesteven, Belgrave Square."

"I suppose, Mr. Kesteven," remarked he, bowing slightly in acknowledgment of the introduction, "the business that has favored me with this visit is professional?"

"Exactly—perfectly," replied the old gentleman, passing one hand hesitatingly over the other. "Yes, quite professional. In fact, I want you to do me the favor of taking a portrait at once."

"Your own, may I ask?"

"Mine? Oh, no! My daughter's—my only child's. She is very beautiful—worthy, I assure you, of any artist's brush!"

"I do not doubt that for a moment. The only thing is the time. I have already many engagements."

"I will pay any thing if you'll put them aside for me," broke in the visitor, earnestly. "Yes; the only thing is the time." His eyes wandered toward a dark corner where the lay figure was dancing a ghastly minuet by itself.

"Listen to the circumstances, and you shall judge! I can only say your price shall be mine!"

Rather curious, for there seemed a singular restlessness in his guest, Leonard Hartley, drawing his chair nearer, prepared to listen.

Mr. Kesteven moved his hands together, opened them, looked at them both sides, as if doubtful of their cleanliness, then began: "The truth is, Mr. Hartley, my daughter has a rooted aversion to having her portrait taken—or rather, to the trying ordeal of the necessity of sittings; consequently, I—she is my only child, and I am perhaps foolishly fond of her—again a pause and a scrutiny of the well-kept hands—"I wish it to be done without her knowing. In fact, it must be done so, or not at all!"

"That, Mr. Kesteven, is a difficulty through which I confess I do not see my way," said Leonard Hartley, smiling.

"Oh, it will be easy," was the quick response. "Singularly enough, my daughter's own words suggested the means. Mr. Hartley, do you remember the conversation six weeks ago?"

"Certainly!"

"It was there, then, that my daughter remarked she should like you to paint her portrait, if any one did; but she added, 'If I am ever to have it taken, it must be in my sleep, when I do not know what is going on.'"

"A singular fancy," smiled the artist.

"It is, but one thing for the sake of having a likeness of her, the only being I have to love," went on the visitor, still restlessly, "I would yield to at any cost. Now my daughter has not been well lately. She is delicate; that makes me nervous. Perhaps you perceive it? To insure her rest an opiate is administered to her every day after dinner. We make it five now, when she has a long sleep—a sound sleep on the sofa in the drawing-room. There is no fear of her waking. Would you, Mr. Hartley, consent to humor her desire, and take her likeness then?"

Leonard Hartley paused, considering.

"You see, for a good portrait, so much rests on expression," he said.

"I am aware of that; therefore I have come to a good painter." And Mr. Kesteven bowed. "You shall have help. Mr. Hartley, from her dear dead mother's miniature, taken when at her age. The eyes, the expression, are Mabel's own! Stay. Pardon me: I have yet one other thing to ask. Could you, in four evenings—making the hours as long as you please—take the likeness sufficiently to finish it from recollection and the miniature's aid."

The artist answered that he could; and finally, the terms, handsome ones, never demurred at by Mr. Kesteven, being settled, it was arranged that Leonard Hartley should make his first visit the next evening.

"Well, if there was ever a stranger whim than this!" he reflected, as, enclasp, colors, canvas having been sent during the day, a little before the appointed hour he proceeded to Belgrave Square.

Reaching his destination he was at once ushered into the library, where he found Mr. Kesteven waiting.

"Mr. Hartley," exclaimed the old man, pressing his hand warmly, "I shall never forget your kindness. Ah, when you are married, with children of your own, you'll know what a father's love is; but I trust it will not be for a daughter so delicate, poor girl, as mine. If you see me moved, know that is the cause. Now, if you please, we will go."

Opening the door Mr. Kesteven led the way on up to the thickly-carpeted stairs, and showed the artist into the drawing-room. The soft, subdued light burning there displayed the tasteful elegance of the furniture. But Leonard Hartley's eyes went quickly to the couch. He could not help starting as he beheld lying on it in quiet slumber one of the loveliest girls he had ever seen.

Her complexion was of singular fairness, while the bloom on her cheeks was as delicate as a fresh brown rose. Her hair, of a soft gold brown, was braided back, and apparently confined by a cluster of forget-me-nots. She was in evening dress, and lay, the ivory lids with their long silken lashes closed, with one hand lightly on her bosom, the other by her side. As the father had said, that sweet face was worthy any painter's brush; and Leonard Hartley felt, despite the singularity of the circumstances, that here he would exceed his best.

The easel and other artistic requirements had already been placed, and Leonard Hartley, after arranging them as he desired with the aid of a gray-headed butler, who moved as noiselessly on tip-toe as if his young mistress's slumber had been of the lightest, at once set to work.

In a low chair a few feet behind him sat Mr. Kesteven; but rarely did the two exchange even a whispered word. The old man kept his head resting on his hand, save when the artist was looking over his shoulder.

For an hour, engrossed by his subject, Leonard Hartley worked vigorously. Already in outline the lovely features began dimly to look out from the canvas. But as the next hour stole on the silence began to oppress him.

Glancing round, he saw the old man still in the same position. The stillness became almost unbearable, made more

torturing by the monotonous ticking of a clock somewhere in the room.

At the end of the second hour he could support it no longer, and closed the sitting.

"You'll come to-morrow?" inquired Mr. Kesteven, wistfully.

"Of course," smiled the artist. "A compact is a compact. This is the strangest whim for a young lady I ever heard of. I could succeed so much better were your daughter awake."

"I know—I know; but, as I told you, that's impossible. Will you make the four evenings suffice, for on the fifth my daughter and I leave here."

"Oh, yes, I can take the canvas home, if your footman will call a cab," remarked the artist. "By the help of the miniature I can work upon it at my studio to-morrow, and get it advanced before the evening."

The cab was fetched, and Leonard Hartley, with the portrait, got in.

"Well, I'm glad one sitting is over," he reflected. "I never felt anything so awfully depressing. 'Pon my word, if the girl were ugly I would even now throw up the whole thing. But she is so beautiful—beautiful enough to be forgiven any absurdity. Still, I'm glad to be in the open air again."

He drew a long breath of relief; but the depression of that silent sitting was not easily to be shaken off.

It kept with him all the evening; it held possession of him when, asleep, in the shape of night-mare dreams, from which he awoke next morning but little refreshed.

"What an idiot I am!" he thought.

"A too sensitive nature is certainly a curse. Well," he laughed, "in me its balanced by a not too amiable temper. One ought to counteract the other. Let's look at my work."

Going into the studio, he went to the portrait he had placed upon the easel.

"It is lovely—beautiful! What delicate curves!" he exclaimed. "Never have I had a more charming model. The very look seems to give inspiration."

And seizing the brush he set to work throwing all his soul into the task.

The second evening was a repetition of the first, only the oppression to the artist was greater.

There was something awful in the stillness that surrounded the sleeping girl.

Leonard Hartley grew nervous.

He started if his brushes clicked against his pallet.

Faint heats came over him, though the month was December.

Once he had to lean back and wipe the perspiration from his forehead.

Mr. Kesteven, rising, quitted the room, and returned speedily with wine.

"Excuse my previous forgetfulness, Mr. Hartley," he whispered. "At this time I have much to occupy my thoughts."

He placed the decanter and glass by the artist, who thankfully filled the latter and drank.

It brought nerve, and he proceeded, refreshed.

The portrait had now made wonderful progress. The likeness was unmistakable. The lips curved with a smile, the eyes shown forth in animation. The father was delighted.

"Wonderful—exquisite!" he exclaimed, with emotion, as he gazed upon it.

"It is herself, Mr. Hartley. I can never sufficiently thank you. You have made me your debtor for life."

When the artist left that night he was worse than on the previous one. He wandered restlessly through the streets, loth to go back to the solitude of his chambers. He seemed to dread to be alone, craved for the sight of moving, animated life, and plenty of light.

Once he asked himself if he were in love with his sleeping beauty, as he could never get her out of his thoughts. But he laughed at the idea.

No; it was the singular stillness and heavy air of that drawing-room and all its surroundings, that was the cause—nothing else.

The third evening was worse than either of the preceding two, or Leonard Hartley was growing more irritable under the strain upon his nerves. He felt that he should like to cry out—perhaps with an oath—at the gray-haired butler who moved about like some inhabitant from another world.

But he put restraint on himself, reflecting with satisfaction that there was but one more sitting, and then he would be free.

"After that, she and her father are going away," he mused—"I wonder where? I should like to see her again when her eyes are open. It would be pleasant to feel their light shine on me."

The fourth and last evening arrived. Like those who hasten to get a not congenial task over, Leonard Hartley was a few minutes earlier than usual.

Every thing, however, was ready. Every thing the same as previously, only Mr. Kesteven's manner was altered. It was hurried, restless, nervous, and he asked the artist if a shorter sitting would suffice that night.

"An hour would be enough," answered Leonard Hartley, by no means reluctantly; and thinking, "I suppose the old gentleman dreads his daughter's waking and detecting his little plot. I wish she would; I should like to see her out of that awful sleep."

The painting had not proceeded a quarter of an hour when the ghostly butler, gliding in, whispered something to his master, who, excusing his absence for a brief space to the artist, hurriedly left the room.

No sooner had he gone than Leonard Hartley threw down his brush. It was the first time he had ever been left even for a moment with the sleeping girl, and an irresistible impulse was upon him to take a closer inspection.

Rising, after a cautious glance back at the door, he approached the couch.

Why did he halt half-way, the color falling from his face, and that expression, half doubt, half fear, in his eyes?

A moment he stood, the beads of perspiration on his forehead.

Then, seizing the lamp from the table, he advanced, trembling, and leaned over the sleeper.

His hand touched hers.

It was icy cold.

Looking closer, what was revealed to him?

The color on the cheek was artificial! the muscles of the mouth were drawn! Leonard Hartley, with a cry of horror, reeled back.

"Great Heaven!" he cried; "it is not sleep—it's death!"

Staggering, he could at first do no more than, placing the lamp on the table, stand gazing upon the girl.

He had been tricked,—duped!

Then, suddenly, he remembered Mr. Kesteven's words:

"Mr. Hartley, do you remember the conversation six weeks ago?"

Of course, he did!

He saw it all now.

His words respecting the portrait of the dead Gray had taken him to see had been overheard, and, aware of his repugnance, this horrible, ghastly trick had been put upon him.

For a brief while loathing, horror, blended with fierce indignation, raged within him.

How should he meet his employer on his return? How could he give his answer in the presence of his dead child?

Yet Hartley vowed never to put brush again to that portrait, and religiously kept his word.

Stay!

And a sensation of humiliation came over him.

Was he right after all.

Was he not duping himself—making a terrible mistake?

If so, into what an unpleasant position might it lead him?

Mr. Kesteven had said his child was under the influence of opiates.

That night account for the coldness—though the artist did not think it.

If so, how absurd, would have been his anger?

But if not? Then would it be justifiable; almost—he did not know this deception would be actionable.

How decide?

Seizing a penknife from the table, pulling it open—regardless, in his anger, of the consequences—approaching the girl, he ran the keen blade into her arm.

How white it was!

Would blood come? Pray Heaven, yes!

Not!—though, almost unconsciously, he had pressed the flesh—not the faintest sign!

It was, then, not sleep—but death!

With a cry of horror and indignation, Leonard Hartley, turning, dashed toward the door.

On the way his foot struck against a low stool, he stumbled forward, and threw out his hands to catch some support. His right clutched but the table cloth, and he fell, bringing the vases, books, and the lamp crashing after him.

All was darkness.

He was alone with the dead!

Only for a space. There were hurrying feet in the passage; the door was thrown wide, and the artist heard Mr. Kesteven's voice exclaiming, in accents of terror and alarm, "Good gracious! what has happened? Darkness! Clark, run, bring a light! Oh, Heaven! what can it be? Mr. Hartley, where are you?"

"Here, sir," replied the artist, gathering himself up from the floor, as the ghostly butler glided in with a light.

"I beg to say, Mr. Kesteven"—he began, then paused abruptly, his eyes dilated by amazement, as, naturally, they turned to the couch.

There was his model, truly. But sitting up, pushing her pretty brown hair back with her little hands, in a half-awakened way.

"It was only a sleep, after all. What an idiot I have made of myself!" he thought; then again stopped, for, sweet and musical the girl's young tones reached him.

"Papa, dear," they said, vaguely, "where am I? What is it?"

A cry so strange, so full of joy, from the father, drew the artist's attention to him. He was flying across the room like a madman, and in a second he had caught the girl to his heart.

"Mabel, Mabel! my darling pet!" he ejaculated. "Oh, Heaven, I thank thee! My own, still my own Mabel!"

Whatever did it all mean?

The bewildered artist was asking himself that question for the third time, when he received a rather rough push on the shoulder, while a voice whispered, "For goodness sake, sir, get out of this! don't you understand?"

"Understand?" repeated Hartley, gazing from the speaker to the old man and his child.

"Then get out into the next drawing-room all the same, sir. Master would have dear Miss Mabel know for worlds."

The speaker was the butler—no longer a ghostly butler, but the most life-like and energetic of butlers. With no respect for easel, colors and canvas, he bundled them all into the back drawing-room, pushing the amazed artist after them, swift as a lightning bolt, he lighted the candles in the wall branches, kicked the table-cloth and fragments under the table, then said, in the tones of quietest unconcern, "The doctor, sir, said he'd wait and see you down stairs."

After which, this singular butler came into the back drawing-room, dropped the dividing curtains, sank into a chair and rocked himself to and fro, half laughing, half crying, gasped through the handkerchief he was forcing into his mouth, "Oh, dear! oh, dear! Who would have thought it? Oh, my master, what a day for him! To think to-morrow she might have gone, and it'd have been too late!"

"In the name of all that is wise," cried the artist, shaking him roughly, "tell me what this means, you old idiot? I came here to take the likeness of a sleeping girl. I fancy, instead of sleep, it is death—"

"That's it, sir—that's it!" broke in the butler, "that's what poor master and all of us thought—even the doctor. Poor Miss Mabel went off cold and stiff, quite sudden, and every one said she was dead. So my master, who hadn't got no likeness of his darling, except them brown, colorless things, thought, before the ground took her away from him forever—But here, sir, is master himself."

Mr. Kesteven came hurriedly between the curtains.

"Clark," he said, "send Mrs. Gros to Miss Mabel at once. Tell her her mistress believes she has had a long fainting fit. Bid her hide both day and date from my child. That was a wise hint of yours, Clark, about the doctor. Thank you."

Then, with a face full of contrition, yet quivering with the undercurrent of that great joy, Mr. Kesteven turned to the artist.

"Mr. Hartley, of course you have guessed the truth. How can I ask—"

how can I ever hope you will forgive the cruel deception I put upon you to carry out the living wish of a supposed dead daughter? I feel you will never experience but anger toward me, though no man in this world do I respect and love more than you!"

"Mr. Kesteven!" ejaculated the artist, surprised, also moved, by the old gentleman's earnest manner and apology.

"Yes, Mr. Hartley—love; for to you I owe my daughter's life. There is an incision in her arm from which the blood is running freely. It was not there to-day. You alone could have made it—did you not?"

"I did; in a moment of impulse, or indignation!" answered the artist, coloring to the temples. "After I had done it I regretted the act; but the result has been so happy."

"Mr. Hartley," cried Mr. Kesteven, seizing his hand, "Heaven inspired you! Tell me, I pray, what occurred after I left the room?"

It was nearly an hour later when the artist returned home, with the consciousness of a strange elation, caused probably by Mr. Kesteven's praise and gratitude.

The first thing he did was to take a brush full of sepia and obliterate the entire portrait of the supposed dead.

"No," he reflected; "if I paint that lovely face it must be afresh, and from a living model. This would always give me the horrors, from the idea of what might have been but for my fear."

He did paint Mabel Kesteven from her own bright, happy self, for the sittings were arranged during the Christmas dinner at which Mr. Kesteven insisted the artist should make one.

The professional visits led to those of friendship, and the result was probably what had been guessed, that Leonard Hartley wooed and won the lovely girl, whom, by accident, he had rescued from the tomb.

St. Julien, the California Trotting Wonder.

An intimate friend of Mr. Joseph S. Dunning, of Denton, Orange County, N. Y., who raised St. Julien and his full brother, St. Reno, and who sold the former to Mr. James Galway, then of Goshen, for \$600, said yesterday:

"St. Julien was a natural-born trotter; he never knew how to strike any other gait. I spent many a day with Mr. Dunning, and I know all about the horse, and Hickok never would have bought him if he was not just what I told you. Of course, St. Julien is a wonder, and his full brother, St. Reno, now owned, I think, by Dr. H. A. Pooler, owner of the Goshen Driving Park, and being handled by the man, if any one, who made St. Julien a trotter—Billy Sargeant—is likely to be another. Now, if you want the full history of the early life of St. Julien, which has never been published, I can give it to you. Joe Dunning raised both horses on his farm between Denton and Middletown, this county. There is about one year between their ages, and Voltaire is their father. Both horses were driven together in a team for a long time, doing farm work, road driving and marketing. They were then coaks, and Joe Dunning had no idea that he had such valuable trotters. Neither was nervous to speak of. Indeed—and especially St. Julien—they were as docile and quiet as colts could possibly be. One of the principal features of the team's daily work was driving milk to the railroad station. This was how St. Julien was broken to harness, and it was about the first work he ever did; in fact, it was, I think, a milk wagon that he first hauled along the road behind him, and, too, when he was but a colt. Many a time I have driven the team to the station with milk myself, and St. Julien never thought of striking any thing but a trot. He never showed the least sign of skittishness, and what is more, never wobbled all over the road like colts generally do. He trotted square and level, and always straight ahead."

"I remember once, when visiting Joe, we started out to go off to sell a friend several miles away. We drove St. Julien. The night was frightfully dark, and it was impossible to see the horse in front of us. Now, if there had been any nervousness about him, do you suppose we'd started? We hadn't the least trouble with him. And so it was always with St. Julien until Joe Dunning sold him. The horse was more like an old mare, steady and reliable, than like a frisky, fretful and unmanageable young colt. Nature made St. Julien a level, honest trotter, and if any one is to be credited with developing the speed that was in him, Sargeant is the man. Every horseman who saw him trot the first year he went on the turf knew this."

"Why, his performances that year speak for themselves. Just look at it. It was the first time he was ever in races. He started the big circuit under the guidance of Sargeant, who made for his owner, Mr. Galway, at least \$20,000 that year in seven or eight races. I kept track of the horse after his debut at Cleveland until he had trotted six races, and in all of them he took first money. And mind you he won them all in three straight heats and in no race did he make a skip or even a 'hitch.' Don't that stamp him as a natural trotter? Like Goldsmith Maid, some of the best of American trotters have made their records by skipping and 'hitching,' but St. Julien never in his life trotted any other way than like a machine."

"Mr. Galway, who bought St. Julien of Joe Dunning, made a fortune out of him in one year. It said St. Julien is the only horse that sold for the same price, or less, who ever coined so much money for his owner in one year."—Cor. New York Sun.

A Novelty in Coats.

A CURIOSITY in mechanism was shown us to-day at a tailoring establishment, in the shape of a seamless, close-fitting coat. The back, fore part, side, body and collar are of one solid piece of goods, the only seam visible in the body of the coat being on the shoulder, while the ordinary coat has the above-named pieces cut separate, to be joined together. To more thoroughly carry out the idea, the revers and the sleeves are also cut whole. This garment was made to the order of a customer, and is as completely adapted to the figure as any garment can be.—Hartford, Conn., Evening Post.

PITH AND POINT.

POTATO vines are dangerous nowadays, because they are loaded with slugs.—*Rome Sentinel.*

THEY say Chicago girls never find it hard to elope. They make rope ladders out of their shoe-straps.—*St. Louis Paper.*

THE coming campaign promises to be a hot one. In this city alone thirteen men have already had their noses singed by coal oil torches.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

PEOPLE who sleep late in the morning miss the sight of a beautiful sunrise. And then, again, those who retire early cheat themselves out of the sight of a beautiful midnight moon.—*N. O. Picayune.*

WALK through some of the dirty scums of the great metropolis and you can realize the force of the words, "The man who enters here leaves soap behind."—*Whitehall Times.*

A MAN named Onion lives in a neighboring town. There is reason to believe he is a man of sense.—*Rome Sentinel.* Wrong. He is continually getting in a stew, and is in bad odor among his fellows.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

AN ostrich recently swallowed fifteen stones, seven nails, a necktie, an envelope, thirteen coins, fourteen beads, two keys, a handkerchief, a medal, and a gold cross, and then it died from an effort to look cross-eyed.—*Boston Post.*

PEOPLE who find it absolutely impossible to stand it at home when the mercury barely reaches the nineties, find it cool and invigorating at summer resorts where it is necessary to put the thermometer in an ice chest to keep it down to a hundred.—*Kokuk Constitution.*

THEY were not very dresy little girls, these two. They belonged to the barefooted, sun-bonneted class that have good health and dirty faces. But one day the younger appeared with genteel little shoes, embroidered stockings, a suit of bunting and a showy leghorn hat. As she paraded herself before her playmate, she completely captured her.

"Why, you look like some rich young one," was the exclamation of delight; "but you won't play with me any more," and the tears began to wash a clean furrow down her cheeks. "Oh, yes I will. My mother won't care," said little good heart, and she did play with her. But her mother cared. It took three days and a good whipping to get that new suit clean.—*New Haven Register.*

The Late Miss Neilson.

It is not too much to say that the announcement of Miss Neilson's death shocks the whole English dramatic world. Those who have witnessed her incomparable impersonations will deeply lament an event which renders a repetition of that exquisite pleasure forever impossible. Those who have never enjoyed that pleasure may well lament